

# Life



*L. J. Holton*  
December 23 1926

"IT'S A GIFT"

Price 15 cents



*The Supreme Interpretation of  
Chrysler Standardized Quality*

The Chrysler plan of Quality Standardization differs from, and is superior to, ordinary manufacturing practice and methods, because it demands fixed and inflexible quality standards which enforce the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assemblage—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process in four lines of Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80"—so that each individual car shall be the Supreme Value in its own class.



Eight body styles, priced from \$2495 to \$3595, f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

THE Chrysler Imperial "80" is built not simply for those who demand the best—but for those who *know* the best when they find it. As such the Imperial "80" possesses new and superlative qualities—in speed, power, smoothness, riding and driving ease, richness of upholstery and appointment—which the most glorious traditions have been unable to impart to the finest cars of yesterday.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.  
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

# CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"

CHRYSLER MODEL



NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR



# We asked Mr. Macauley.... ...he said "Ask the man who owns one!"

ALVAN MACAULEY is President of the Packard Motor Car Company . . . Last March he made Budd-Michelin Wheels standard equipment on all models of the Packard, both Six and Eight. We wanted to know what Mr. Macauley thought of them now, after six months experience, and so we asked him . . . "We put Packard on Budd-Michelins" said Mr. Macauley, "because we firmly believed they were the finest wheels for the finest car in America. Now we know it. Just . . . ask the man who owns one!"

We did. Hundreds of them. People who, in almost every instance, had also owned cars with wooden wheels. We asked them whether their experience made them prefer steel wheels (Budd-Michelin) or wood—and why?

Three out of every four persons interviewed endorsed the Budd-Michelin Wheel equipment with specific comments explaining their preference. Here are a few quotations from the actual replies.

*New York*—"I prefer steel wheels by all means because of their better looks, their greater strength and the ease of cleaning."

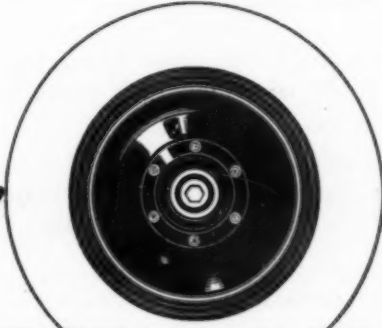
*California*—"Brakes more accessible, wheels far easier to clean, they look better and are much safer. They, too, have an extra wheel."

*Colorado*—"In wet weather my brakes remain more dry and efficient with steel wheels."

*New Jersey*—"My car skidded. If I had had wood wheels I could not have continued my trip but the disc was just bent and easily reshaped. A wood wheel would have crushed."

And so runs the story of Budd-Michelin preference based on actual experience. Experience that has made Packard owners—as critical and discriminating a group as there is in all motordom—truly glad to swell the chorus of: "Good-bye, buggy wheels!"

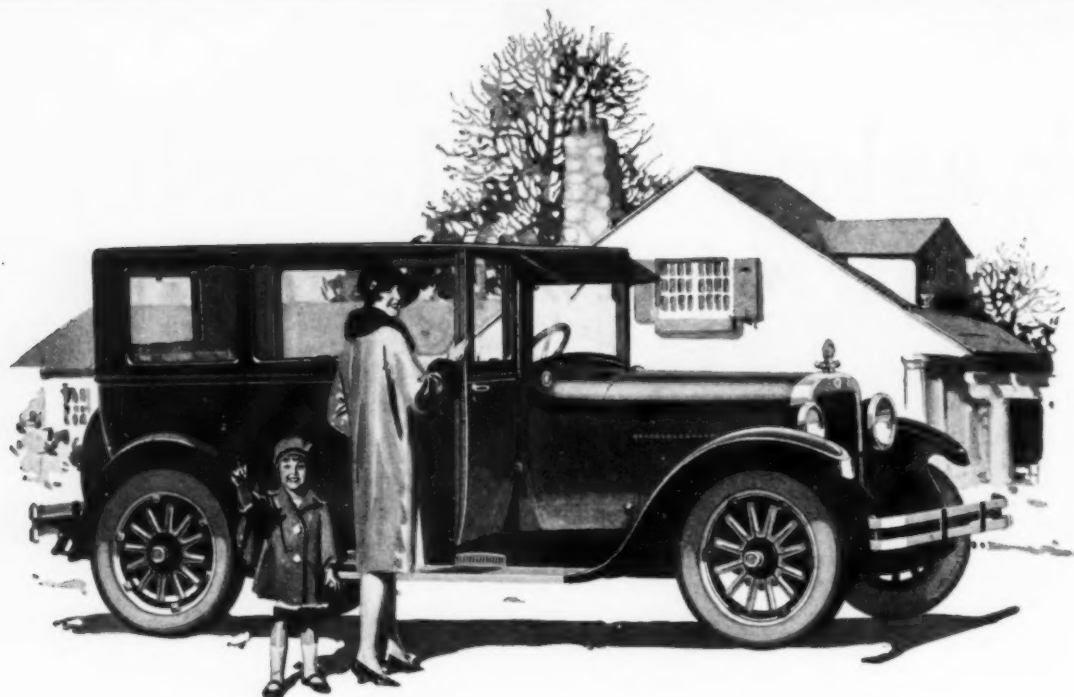


*"Goodbye*  *buggy wheels"*

## BUDD

Philadelphia Detroit

Also makers of Budd Interchangeable Wire Wheels which fit the same hub  
as Budd-Michelin All-Steel Wheels.



## A Story in Nutshells

Review again a few of those well known slogans which Dodge Brothers have published on the Nation's billboards during the past eleven years—

A Good Name  
Dependable  
Dollar for Dollar  
Long Life  
World-Wide Good Will  
Better Than Ever

To build a product of which these things can truthfully be said, is a record of which any great organization might well be proud.

And it explains the implicit faith that millions everywhere repose in the integrity of Dodge Brothers and in the goodness of the motor cars they build.

*Sedan \$895—Special Sedan \$945  
De Luxe Sedan \$1075—f.o.b. Detroit*

**DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT**  
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED  
TORONTO, ONTARIO

# DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS





"TIN PLATE" CARSON, JR., THE FAMOUS GUNMAN'S SON, PREPARES FOR CHRISTMAS.

## A Grammatical Kiss

A KISS is always a pronoun, because "she" stands for it.

It is masculine and feminine gender mixed; therefore, common.

It is a conjunction because it connects.

It is an interjection; at least, it sounds like one.

It is plural because one calls for another.

It is singular because there is nothing else like it.

It is usually in apposition with a caress; at any rate, it is sure to follow.

A kiss can be conjugated, but never declined.

It is a preposition because it governs an objective "case."

However, it is not an adverb, because it cannot be compared, but it is a phrase that expresses feeling.

A. W.

## News

MAY: So ya had a letter from that college boy?

TESS: Yeh, he wrote an' ast me did I get home all right from the dance he took me to.

THE one who thinks the Prohibition Law is a big joke should take a look at next year's thirty-three-million-dollar Prohibition pay-roll.

# Life

THE bones of a woman presumably a million years old have been found in Asia. But you'll never get her to admit she is a day over a hundred thousand.

—JL

A motto for motorists: "Pedestrians should be seen and not hurt."

—JL

The Filipinos, it is announced, will be ready for self-government by 1948, and at that rate the United States will have to hurry to keep up with them.

—JL

By the time the Filipinos are set for self-government, the United States should be in a position to offer them several obsolete battleships and a limited number of slightly used Constitutional amendments.

—JL

Detroit's new eighty-five-story skyscraper will be known as the Book Building. It is expected to have sufficient capacity to accommodate the collected works of H. G. WELLS.

—JL

"MEN for crack National Guard regiment; no interference with business; equipment free; pay for all drills. Opportunity to take the entrance exam. for West Point. No objection to ex-German soldiers. Write for particulars.

—Want ad, in New York Graphic.

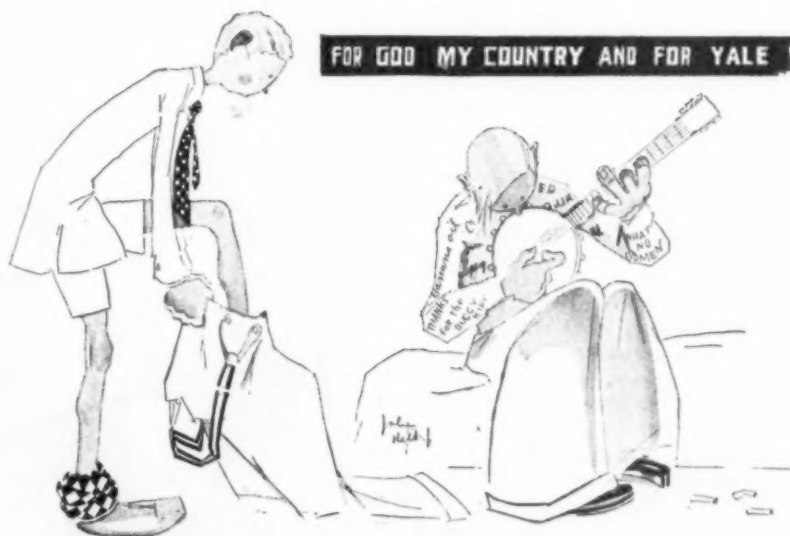
The War is over!

—JL

History will doubtless record the years of Mr. MELLON's treasurership as the period when taxes and Scotch were heavily cut.

—JL

Snappy suggestion for night club radio announcers: "Well, folks, it looks like a White Christmas and a Black Bottom."



Yes, Why?

"I HATE JAZZ, ESPECIALLY THE BANJO."  
"WHY PICK ON THE BANJO?"



*Jane:* EDNA IS CHARMING—SO SIMPLE AND UNAFFECTED.

*Mary:* YES, BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER LAST YEAR WHEN SHE WAS DOING THE WORLDLY-WISE SOPHISTICATE.

### Uncle Shylock—An Editorial

THE nasty cracks continually being directed at this country by other nations have caused us, personally, no little resentment.

"We are *not*," we have declaimed, hotly, "a nation of money grubbers! We are not prone to forget the glorious deeds which made the world safe for us and to remember only the footings of the balance sheet! We are not..."

And now, just as we have worked ourselves up into a patriotic frenzy, along comes this Fall-Doheny trial—and we are cast from the heights into the veriest slough of doubt.

What can we say for a nation which places as defendants before the bar of justice two white-souled, self-abnegating patriots whose sole thought was to save their native land by check-mating, through the establishment of Hawaiian filling stations, the crafty Japs? You won't believe it, but a

scheme was afoot to attack us from the rear in 1921—a scheme so cunningly concealed that no one was aware of it but the Messrs. Doheny and Fall; not even Tokio knew about it! By getting individual control, you see, of all the available supply of fuel oil in the United States, these two men, alone and unaided, proposed to thwart the wily Mongols by having the said oil available for

fuelling our ships; and a very neat scheme it was, too.

But does Uncle Sam appreciate their services? Does he give them any credit whatever? No! just because a paltry hundred thousand dollars changed hands, of which he got none, he turns on his defenders and prosecutes them. Always thinking of money, money, money!

"Uncle Shylock" is right!



HE KNOWS HIS GROCERIES

### The Password

**POSTMASTER:** This issue of your magazine, *Guffaws*, is too suggestive; we can not allow it in the mails—as it stands.

**PUBLISHER:** Great Scott! what shall I do about it?

**POSTMASTER:** Change the name of your publication to *Art and Guffaws*.

**BING:** Have you heard our new preacher yet?

**BANG:** No. My radio is out of order.

### Song of Good Cheer

THERE are snowdrifts now in the street,

And a raw wind's blowing to-day,  
But soon the air will be soft and sweet—

Toward the latter part of May.

It's rainy and cold and wet,  
But the clouds must vanish soon,  
And we'll have some dandy weather,  
you bet,  
About the middle of June.

Cheer up, though the trees are bare  
And the birds have left the sky;  
For the sun will shine and the days  
be fair  
By the first week in July.

So smile at the thought of April,  
And laugh with the hope of  
May—

If you think that it's going to do you  
A fat lot of good to-day.

Norman R. Jaffray.

### In a Manner of Speaking

CAUDE: Well, I think I'll repair homeward.

GILL: Oh, you have a used car, too?



She: I DON'T THINK MY DRESS IS CUT LOW ENOUGH.

He: CAN I LEND YOU MY KNIFE?



"I'VE BEEN DRUGGED, OFFICER! SOMEBODY PUT DOPE IN THAT QUART OF WOOD ALCOHOL I DRANK."

### Lessons in New Yorkese

#### The Cold

"HLO Joe howarya?"  
"Tearabil Albirt. Igotta cold wassaf killime hawnist."

"Accold havya? Chado summin forrit?"

"Ishado summin forrit. Tell wittit. Wassit doon famme?"

"Noreely yahadawta take apilla summin."

"Pills hoitmetroat. Itried wun n a n n a tooka coupla puffsanna trunnitaway."

"Notttem kinapills yasap. Aspen."

"Aspennis no good. Sbad faya hawt."

"Ohyagotta badhawt havya? Stoobad."

"NowIyaint gotta badhawt Igotta bad cold yasapya."

"Ohya gotta bad cold. Sinya headdaya chest?"

"Smee bronnical track."

"Yawhat?"

"Yahoidme. Smee bronnical track. Lissena meverce willya?"

"Yeah stearabil. Wellit nevva wasmuch good wennitwas good Joe. Asswun constellation."

"Assa greatelp aintit?"

"Well yareely hadawta takea shotta summin."

"Itakea shotta you innaminnit."

"Dagget sawr Joe."

"Iyam sawr. Me bronnical track is sawr."

"Oh yabronnical track issit? Whyncha sayso befawr?"

"Maybe Ididdin thinkavvit."

"Analla time Itawt yahadda cold. Fitsya bronnical track, you cummal-awnna me. I gotta frenna fixya upina minnit."

"Yeah! Wattizzie adocta asummin?"

"Naw—heyainta docta. Heza track wawker fatha I. R. T."

Henry William Hanemann.

#### The Unexpected

AN amazing thing happened in our apartment last night.

My wife and I had returned at midnight from the theatre. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary as I switched on the lights. The living room was just as we had left it. Sensing nothing to upset my mind, I went into the bathroom and turned the hot-water faucet.

Hot water came forth!

J. L. D.

## JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"WELL, my dear, I'm SIMPLY hysTERical because I mean I've been READING the most SCREAMING thing in the PAPERS about a new BEAUTY cult or something in LONDON which has the most riDICulous SLOgan effect which is 'EXercise Your FACE'—can you BEAR it, my dear? ANYways, it says in the papers that this CULT effect tells everybody to make FACES with their FACE, my dear, because making all kinds of obNOXious-looking FACES keeps you YOUTHful-looking—I mean did you EVER in your LIFE, my dear, hear of ANYthing QUITE so abSÜRD? Well, I mean this CULT thing says 'never lose an oppoRTUNITY to WORK the FACIAL muscles' and I mean it says a girl should simply WORK her FACE the enTIRE time, my dear, especially in OMnibuses, which I think is POSitively disGUSTing because I mean I think simply EVERY man you met on a Fifth Avenue bus or anything would be picking you UP, my dear—I mean I HONestly DO! And THEN, my dear, this CULT effect says to 'roll your eyes,' because I mean it says that 'few people realize that the BEAUTY of the EYE is only mainTAINED' or something 'through EXercise'—now I ASK you, my dear, DID you EVER hear of ANYthing so perfectly riDICulous? But I mean the LAST thing which this CULT thing makes you do ABsolutely SLAYS me, my dear, because it says 'Do not be afraid to BITE—biting develops the MUScles of the JAW and gives that CLEAR, strong LINE to the PROfile'—well, I mean WHO is a girl to BITE, my dear? ACTually, I think it's the most POISONous idea I've ever HEARD of—I mean I HONestly DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

## Extra Time

TED: Do you have the five-day week at your place?

NED: Not yet, but the prospects are good. The boss plays golf.

CONGRESS—A body of men surrounded by Wayne B. Wheeler.



ONCE THERE WAS A CADDY WHO HAD A MOUTH-ORGAN.

## Anathema

"VALENCIA" may be sung to me—I'll never strike a blow;

You may try vile puns on "Horses"—I'll forgive. Say "Atta boy!" or "Howsa kid?" or "Well, what do you know?"

You may call my wife "the wiff"—I'll let you live. But watch what happens if you say with condescending grin:

"You're a better man than I am, Gordon Gin!"

I'm harmless in the face of such as "What's the dirt today?"

Use "Hot enough for you?" at your sweet will. And things like "Here's success to crime!" with me are quite O. K.,

While "Olive Oil!" gives me no lust to kill. But when you try the following the murderings begin: "You're a better man than I am, Gordon Gin!"

Aye, prate your fill of all the trite expressions known to youth;

You'll only rouse in me a weary sigh, For I assume such vaporings, though stupid and uncouth. Are not sufficient cause for you to die.

But if you use that hated phrase and I don't do you in—"You're a better man than I am, Gordon Gin!"

Tip Bliss.

## The Society Editor Goes Crazy

THE lawn was ablaze with gaily colored Japanese lanterns marked by a funeral of touching dignity and solemnity Miss Helene Fish-Flake wore azure tulle pinked by hand-embroidered serofulæ along the edges this charming couple whose wedding is set for the week after the groom comes out of jail and now with all the young folks home from ultra-fashionable Eastern schools the stork is hovering over Blatchford Smuggins who has been vacationing in Paris before delicious dainty sandwiches of corned beef and rye bread were served just a few intimate friends and creditors and far into the night the saxophones moaned while the bride's great-grandfather coming to this country from Bosnia as a poor immigrant boy in 1657 in no other city can such an assemblage of *haut ton* and *coup de grâce* be discovered.

Robert Lord.

## So It Seems

HE: I don't think money makes a happy marriage, do you?

SHE: No, but it makes up for an unhappy one.



## Mrs. Pep's Diary

**November 30th** All the talk now is of the Marlborough-Vanderbilt marriage annulment, and it does put Sam in mind of a time when he was a little boy on a visit to his grandmother in New York, and, seeing a large boiler on a truck pass the house, did inquire what it might be, whereto his grandmother responded that it was a wedding present for Miss Vanderbilt, who lived around the corner and was to be married that day to the Duke of Marlborough, and for years Sam did believe that she had spoken the truth. And when he inquires if he does appear as old as such a memory makes him feel, I can but counter with my own reaction to reading in the journals this season of luncheons given here and there by young women who only the day before yesterday, it seems, were brought in to curtsy to their mothers' guests and, with luck, steal a cake from the tea table *en passant*. But Lord! I do not dread the lengthening shadows of life, which has increased in beauty and splendor with every year added to my span, nor would I return for any boon soever to my younger days, when I was blown about by many winds of doctrine and constantly try-

ing to stand tiptoe in places whereon I could not balance with two stable feet. The psychologists having granted my generation a twenty-year extension of youth, it will be some years, however, before I begin trotting to the guild with my workbag, or Sam starts writing letters to the daily prints and the Park Commissioner.... This morning to the shops to buy a Christmas present for my godson, and I did get him a blue willow chair with a music box concealed in the springs, so that he shall have music whenever he sits in it, and I shall not be above deriving enjoyment myself out of such a piece of furniture. Then to luncheon at an inn with Edith Banning, and we fell a-talking of how great the interest of our times is in the abnormal, especially in the show-case world, where conversations run

(Continued on page 27)



*Girl's Father (sternly):* WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS, YOUNG MAN?

*Youth:* I TRAVEL, SIR.

*Father:* VERY GOOD! NOW, LET'S SEE YOU GET BUSY.

## When He-Men Get Together

"YES, I'm in the wholesale bakery business."

"Well, that's a good business. I'm in the farm implement business."

"Well, that's a good business. Where do you live?"

"I live out in Walnut Hill."

"Well, that's a good neighborhood to live in. I live over in the Elmhurst district."

"Well, that's a good place to live. What kind of a car do you drive?"

"I drive a Straight-Eight."

"Well, that's a good car. I own a Silent-Seven."

"Well, that's a good car to drive."

"Yep. So long."

"So long."

James A. Sanaker.

## Matched

**BILLY:** Me brudder plays in de fife and drum band.

**IKEY:** Dot's nodding. Me sister works mit der fife-and-ten-cent store.



*Wife:* I SAW YOU KISSING THE COOK TO-DAY.

*Husband:* YE-ES, DEAR.

*Wife:* WERE YOU TRYING TO MAKE HER GO OR STAY?

## Bobby Goes A-Bicycling

By Robert Benchley

*Special North Pole Correspondence from Bobby Benchley, Juvenile Member of LIFE's Bicycle Expedition. En route to Pole.*

**NORTH WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.**—When we left Scarsdale on the second dash to the Pole my father told me that he would write the account of our trip and that I should sign my name to it, as every expedition has to have a little boy along who writes a book about it later.

"You write it and I sign it?" I asked him.

"That's right, Bobby," he said. "Daddy writes it and Bobby signs it and Bobby gets all the publicity."

"Publicity me eye," was my answer. "If I sign it, I write it. I'll take no responsibility for your drivell. I know your stuff and I prefer to write my own, if you don't mind. The rest of the school would kid the pants off me if one of your books came out with my name signed to it."

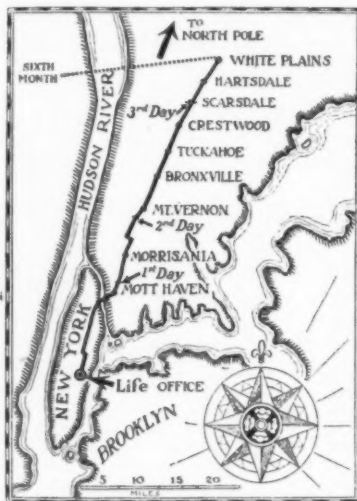
This angered my father and he made as if to hit me, but I ducked and ran into the house.

"All right for you, you big bully!" I yelled out at him. "Just for that I won't go on your old expedition."

This sobered him up and he agreed to let me write my own stuff and sign it and take ten per cent. of the royalties. If the book sells as it ought to, with any kind of pushing at all from the publishers, I ought to clean up enough to marry Ruthie Henshel in the spring.

So here we are, as far as North

White Plains, and very dull it has been up till now, too. We left Scarsdale at ten o'clock Wednesday morning, I on my new Demon with special coaster-brake attachment and



FOUR DAYS OUT FROM SCARSDALE, THE EXPEDITION IS NOW SOMEWHERE AROUND NORTH WHITE PLAINS, N. Y. IF THINGS GO ON AT THIS RATE, WE'LL NEED A NEW MAP BEFORE LONG.

a swell cap with a big visor on it to keep the Artic sun out of my eyes. It is my private opinion that all the Artic sun we see on this trip you could put in my right eye and I'd never notice it.

(Proofreading note by Benchley, Sr.—I told Bobby he ought to let me write out a rough draft for him first. You see what he has done with

"Arctic." However, if he is going to be just stubborn about the thing—)

The trouble with the expedition so far is that my father and Lieut.-Commander Connelly get winded so soon. They can't pump up even a little hill without having to get off at the top and rest. We're lucky to be at North White Plains, let alone the North Pole. I began by going on ahead as fast as I could, but this just made them sore and I lost them going through Hartsdale and had to sit down by the roadside and wait for them to come up. They both got pretty fat during the summer hanging around at the base in Scarsdale, and my father especially has got to look out or he'll look something awful in another year. I told him so, too, and he told me to shut up or he'd send me away to military school.

Well, anyway, what with the old folks puffing along behind and Ensign Thermaline having to stop off in White Plains to see an old girl of his, it has taken us just four days to get this far.

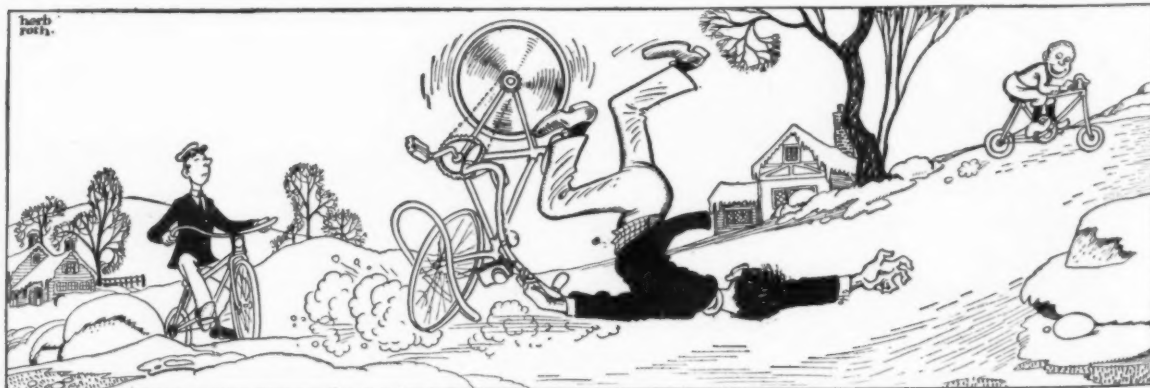
**COMING** through White Plains, my father tried to tell me about the battle that was fought there during the Revolutionary War.

"What battle was that?" I asked.

"The Battle of White Plains, of course," he said. "What did you think it was, the Battle of Princeton, N. J.?"

"Princeton beat Harvard, didn't they?" I came back at him.

(Continued on page 24)



"AT THIS HE MADE A LUNGE FOR ME, AND FELL OFF HIS BICYCLE."

B A A ! B A A ! B U F F A L O !



The Buffalo's  
a bosky brute.



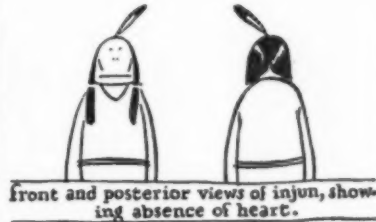
It packs a moist  
and brunette snoot.



Its beard is mostly  
frowzy jute  
and full of odds  
and ends, to boot.



Across the plains  
they used to scoot  
with Injun holds  
in hot pursuit,  
a-yellin' some  
bloodthirsty hoot,  
them Bisons for  
to execute.



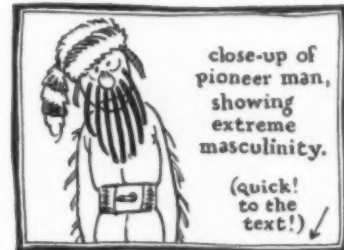
The Injun was  
a heartless coot.



With bow and arrow  
he'd salute  
and leave Our Subject  
destitute  
of life and leather  
outing suit.



The pioneers  
along the route  
and every frontier  
raw recruit,  
a-pullin' at  
his bum cheroot,  
would leave Our Subject  
stark and mute.



Them men was men,  
but dissolute.



Their morals oft  
would parachute.

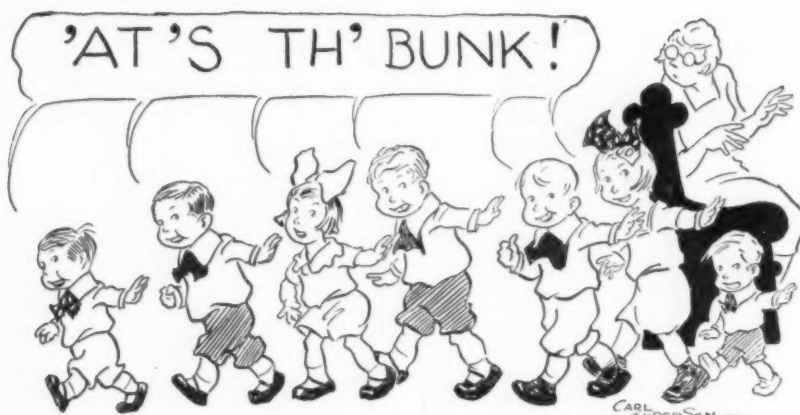


Why, Buffaloes  
and such-like loot  
they kinda liked  
to persecute!



The Bison's not  
too blamed astute  
and craft is not  
his attribute  
but Uncle Sam  
is pretty cute,  
sq you be careful  
what you shoot!





### The Burning Question

THE couple sat on the rustic seat beneath the great elm through which the moonlight was filtering.

"Gloria," faltered Ralph awkwardly, "you believe that girls or boys should be perfectly frank with each other before getting married, don't you?"

"Yes, Ralph," she answered shyly.

"And that neither should keep any secrets from the other?"

"Yes, Ralph."

"Because you know one might find out later and it would cause all— all—"

"All sorts of trouble," she finished for him.

"Yes, Gloria, some men might not care, but I think it is best to ask if—if—"

"Yes, Ralph," she answered, gazing confidently into his searching eyes.

"Gloria, perhaps I ought not to demand this, but I don't feel as though I could get along with a woman—who—who—"

"Be frank, Ralph, and I'll answer you honestly."

"Gloria," Ralph burst out nervously, "do you squeeze a toothpaste tube from the top?" K. A.

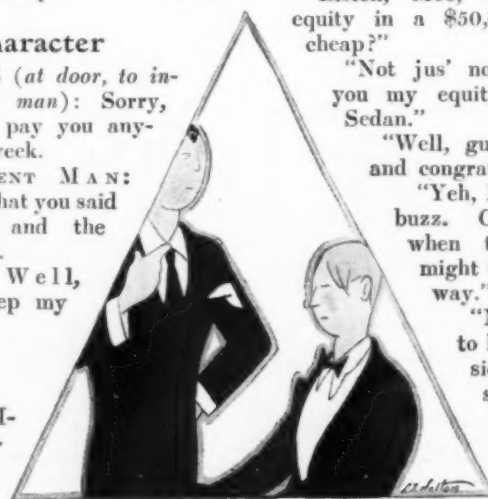
### Character

PERKINS (at door, to installment man): Sorry, but I can't pay you anything this week.

INSTALLMENT MAN: But that's what you said last week and the week before.

PERKINS: Well, didn't I keep my word?

CIRCUMSTANCES and whisky runners alter cases.



### Mary Had a Little Lamb

ITS fleece was white as snow  
And everywhere that Mary went  
That lamb was sure to go.

And here are some of the places it went:

To a beauty shoppe for a marcel;  
To an ice-cream parlor;  
To a candy kitchen;  
To a bargain sale;  
To a cute little tea room for a bite to eat;  
To another sale;  
To a matinee;  
For a stroll along Fifth Avenue to look in the shop windows;  
To a movie;  
To a coffee shoppe;  
To a bridge party;  
To a night club.

Mary is still going but the lamb is resting up at Muldoon's Health Farm. B. C. B.

### Hollywood Idyl

"HELLO, Moe."  
"Hello, Joe."

"Say, ja hear about Abe gettin' that job over at Superb?"

"Yeh—wouldn't it burn yah up—wouldn't it make you sick!"

"I learned that bum all his stuff when he was workin' for me."

"Him production manager! That ignorant such-and-such!"

"But he won't last, Moe."

"Naw, in a coupla weeks they'll shove him out on his ear, Joe."

"Listen, Moe, wanna buy my equity in a \$50,000 house, dirt cheap?"

"Not jus' now, but I'll sell you my equity in a Lincoln Sedan."

"Well, guess I'll go over and congratulate Abe."

"Yeh, I jus' gave him a buzz. Can't never tell when that so-and-so might throw a job your way."

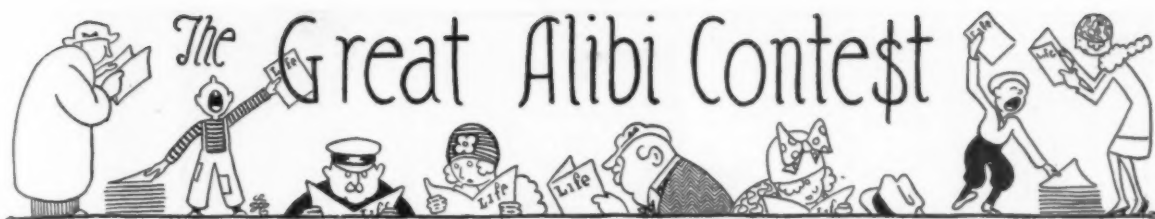
"Nope—sure pays to keep on the good side o' that dirty such-and-such."

"So long, Joe."

"So long, Moe."

Robert Lord.





## Conditions of the Contest

*Read these carefully:*

**E**ACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked “ALIBI NUMBER TWO.”

The first prize of \$50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the judges, furnishes the cleverest and most convincing conclusion to the sentence which starts, “Well, you see, it was this way...” Five second prizes of \$10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE.

In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. The judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts that are submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER TWO should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER TWO must reach LIFE's office before 12 noon on January 6, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of January 27, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition.

## \$100 in Prizes

**T**HIS is the second week of the Great Alibi Contest. Even though you may have missed the first Alibi Picture, you can enter the Contest now and be eligible for this week's prize.

Study carefully the situation depicted by John Held, Jr., below. Try to evolve an Alibi for the daughter which will assuage the wrath of the stern parent.

Express this Alibi in twenty-five words (or less) and send it in to the Alibi Contest Editor. Remember—the twenty-five-word limit applies only to your Alibi, and does not include the printed caption beneath the picture.

Each contestant may send in as many answers to this Contest as he

or she desires. But all answers to ALIBI NUMBER TWO must reach LIFE's office not later than twelve noon on January 6, 1927.

The prizes are as follows:

**First Prize, \$50.00**

**Five Second Prizes of \$10.00 each**

These prizes will be awarded to those who, in the opinion of the judges, submit the cleverest and most convincing Alibis to fit the situation in the accompanying picture.

ALIBI NUMBER THREE will be published in LIFE next week, with a new set of prizes offered.

*Read the conditions carefully—and go to it!*

## ALIBI NUMBER TWO



**Stern Parent:** YOU TOLD ME DEFINITELY YOU'D BE HOME BEFORE TWELVE!  
WHAT HAPPENED?

**Daughter:** WELL, YOU SEE, IT WAS THIS WAY...



The Gay Nineties

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE GIRL WHO USED TO SHINE HER SHOES ON THE BACK OF HER STOCKING?

### Box-Office God

"WELL, we got a big hit running here now. Everybody wants to see it. Haven't had so many chances to insult people since I was a subway guard. Boy, but don't I just shrivel 'em up when they come trying to buy tickets! 'Nope. Not a thing downstairs till seven weeks from Wednesday.' Guess that put the skids under that guy. The nerve of him—asking me to sell him a pair of tickets for to-night! You sure got to keep 'em in their place or they'll run right over you. 'I'll let you have two in the last row gallery but they're not together.' Say, I've got this dame scared to death. 'That's all I got. And if you don't want 'em, it's O. K. with me.' I'm improving fast. With a little more practice I'll be able to insult 'em without opening my mouth. Here's a guy trying to get my attention. Now what shall I do to keep him waiting? Honestly, this is a lot of fun. I might answer the phone—it's

been ringing for the past ten minutes. 'Lo. Nope. Not a thing.' Ha, ha—I hung up just when she was trying to say something. Well, guess I've kept this guy in suspense long enough. I'll insult him now. 'What? Not a chance. Move on. Others want to get up to the window.' That'll learn him not to bother me no more. The crust of these boobs—trying to buy tickets at the box-office when the town is jammed with theatre ticket agencies!"

Robert Lord.

### Thoughtful of Them

DOCTOR: Those warring bootleggers have agreed to an armistice.

VICTIM: What brought them to that?

DOCTOR: Some of their best customers were among the bystanders they were hitting.

### Winter Is the Time

THE skating that restores one's youth.  
The coasting with the gleeful children.  
The tingling tonic of the cold shower.  
The invigorating tramp over snowy hills.  
The long evenings by the log fire with a book.  
I intend to try them some winter.

McC. H.

### Day's Schedule for Young Wife

8 A. M.—Rouse husband. 8:15—Direct husband to cook breakfast. 8:30—Have breakfast served in bed by husband. 8:35—Tell husband toast is burned. 8:40—Submit reluctantly to husband's kiss. 8:41—Roll over and go to sleep again. 12 (noon)—Answer bedside telephone, agreeing to lunch at 1:30 with Dora and attend matinee of "Pawns of Passion," starring Pearl Swoon. 12:30—Get out of bed and regard self in mirror. 12:45—Bathe, dress and make up. 1:20—Remember luncheon engagement with Dora; phone for taxi. 1:40—Berate taxi driver for being late. 1:50 to 2:10—Make up again in ladies' parlor of hotel. 2:15—Start waiting for Dora, who was to meet you at 1:30. 2:30—Remember it was at another hotel you were supposed to meet Dora; rush for taxi, dropping purse. 2:30 to 2:35—Thank adorable-looking man for returning purse. 2:45—Meet Dora; blame husband for your being late; tell Dora about fascinating man who returned purse. 2:55—Lunch at soda fountain on chicken salad sandwiches and chocolate nut marshmallow sundaes with whipped cream. 3:00—Remember matinee; rush for taxi. 3:15—Glare at man behind you in theatre who asks you to take off your hat. 4:45 to 5:15—Window shopping with Dora. 5:30—Arrive home. 5:35—Berate husband for not making beds. 6:00—Direct husband to cook supper. 7:00—Supervise husband's washing of breakfast and supper dishes. 7:45—Urge husband to take you to theatre on the ground that you "never go anywhere any more." 7:50 to 12 (midnight)—Wonder who the adorable man was who returned your purse.

Lloyd Mayer.

### Of Precious Memory

"WELL, sir," declared the world-famous plunger, who time and again had bucked Wall Street, "they've got us at last. We're cleaned!"

He addressed his junior partner. "Now let's see what we can do about getting a fresh start. There's an irrigation project or a short-line railroad financing that might be interesting. I guess we'll make it the latter. You get busy on the details while I start writing my memoirs for the *Saturday Evening Post* for the necessary capital."

E. R. S.



Under the Mistletoe

AN OBJECT LESSON OF PUPPY LOVE.

### Famous Motor Morons

"THE trains don't wait for me, and I don't know why I should wait for the trains. I just step on the gas and beat them across. Haven't been hit yet."

"Stop to put on chains just because the pavement is a little slippery? Naw—wastes too much time. I guess I know how to handle the old bus. Never had any accidents yet."

"Well, what if I do take a few drinks? Booze doesn't affect me; I could drive my car sound asleep."

"Why shouldn't I run my motor with the garage door closed? These doctors give me a pain. Those boys who were overcome just had weak lungs, I guess. No sense in heating the garage, is there, if I'm going to leave the door wide open?"

"When I'm out on the road I pass everything. I swiped a doctor's Red Cross sign a couple of years ago and that gets me by with the police. I always get nervous if I have to loaf along."

Roy H. Fricken.



She: WHERE ARE YOU GOING, JACK?

He: TO BUY A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR YOU.

She: I'LL STROLL ALONG WITH YOU. I'M GOING TO TIFFANY'S MYSELF.

### Punishment

MOTHER: Willie, if you don't behave I'll make you read the book that Grandmother gave you for Christmas!





DECEMBER 23, 1926

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*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Published by  
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**LANGHORNE GIBSON, Secretary and Treasurer**



**H**ERE it is Christmas Week, and what so fit to talk of as the religion that invented it? It has seldom been more in the minds of thoughtful people than it is to-day, when recent tribulations in our world and fearsome possibilities of trials to come bring back a large proportion of the peace-seekers to the old conclusion that the greatest asset of our civilization and the best hope for our future is the mind and the teachings of Christ.

There is a great deal of religion in our world, but much of it is quite perplexed. Lots of people see and feel the need of it, but are not satisfied with the styles of it that the various churches offer them. Somehow there ought to come about a great religious discussion that people would read as they did the Hall trial, and with a prospect of reaching some conclusion. If the next campaign for President involved some such agitation as that, it might be profitable, and it is imaginable that it may.



**D**ISCUSSING how Al Smith would run in the South, the *New York Times* lately (Dec. 5) discussed opposing him because he was a Catholic. If the opposition to him, it said, is to take the form of attacking him on account of his religion, no one who believes in religious

liberty should hesitate to get into the fight.

That would imply that the *Times* thinks that it is a mistake to run religion into politics; and yet it seems to see a need of doing it, and notices that there are Americans who would like to see it done.

Of course the religion of a candidate for President of the United States is going to be discussed if he has any. Of course if Governor Smith becomes a candidate, his religion is going to be discussed and ought to be. A man's religion, if he really has some, is the main ingredient of his character. If it is sound religion so much the better; if it is unsound so much the worse. If you can really discover a candidate's religion, and not merely his church affiliation, it is the most important part of him to inspect.

Al Smith is quite a pious Catholic—at least he seems so. If any one expects to vote against him because he is a Catholic, he is a good person to vote against for that reason, because, as appears, he really is one. He does not seem to be a Catholic for political purposes, but for personal and spiritual reasons. Anybody who votes against him as a Catholic ought to have some understanding of what he really objects to in the Catholic Church. Any one who objects to him because he knelt to a Cardinal and kissed his ring should have a chance to put his objection right into the political wash and see how it comes out. That might result in considerable enlightenment in Rome as to the expediency of sending Cardinals to the United States to be knelt to and have their rings kissed by likely candidates for high office. It would be grand to have

these little details of Catholic piety brought out into the open, put in the tub, and hung on the line. On that account the candidacy of Governor Smith might be very useful. It might hold up a mirror to the Catholic Church that would enlighten it, or it might hold up a mirror to the people of the United States that would help them to see themselves as they are and enlighten them.

This though may be asked: whether it is proposed to examine the Catholic Church to find out what kind of man Al Smith is, or to examine Al Smith to find out what kind of Church the Catholic Church is. Probably both of these operations would go on in a campaign over Al Smith. One side would argue, "By their fruits ye shall know them." The other side would argue, "A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit." It would be a splendid campaign and if a good time was not had by all, it would not be the fault of the issues. When a celibate Cardinal stands up in New York and deplores the smallness of families, we may grin, but we would not grin at Al Smith as a candidate for President. We would smile but it would be a smile of enjoyment and not of derision.



**B**UT would the Vatican enjoy it? Would the Roman hierarchy rejoice to see our Catholic Governor run for President? That seems very doubtful. It is the nature and the mind of Al Smith that make him a candidate. The Organization must be well aware that he would not run as the representative of the Roman hierarchy, and that there might be serious embarrassments in the show-down which his candidacy would induce. One of the great questions now under examination is whether the existing organization of the Christian religion is helpful or hurtful to that religion and so to the world. A spirited presidential campaign here with Al Smith as part of it might help in that examination considerably, and if it left legs of various kinds and degrees of bishops and lesser clergy sticking out of ash barrels after election, that need not matter. It has often happened before and usually with benefit.

*E. S. Martin.*





The Hunting Season in Hell

"YOU HAIN'T SEEN THAT FAT BIGAMIST ROUND HERE, HAVE YOU? THE HOUNDS CAN'T LOCATE HIM."



In Place of Cor

Life



f Conversation



# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**An American Tragedy.** Longacre—Heavy-handed and obvious galumphings after "importance."

**Caponsacchi.** Hampden's—Walter Hampden in something resounding fashioned from "The Ring and the Book."

**The Captive.** Empire—Pathological sex presented in much more dignified and dramatic form than most normal goings-on. A fine play.

**Civic Repertory Theatre.** (14th St.)—Eva Le Gallienne's praiseworthy venture in furnishing good plays. See newspapers for this week's schedule.

**The Constant Nymph.** Selwyn—To be reviewed next week.

**The Donovan Affair.** Fulton—Three acts of cross-questioning, following the conventional dinner-murder.

**The Dybbuk.** Neighborhood—A revival of the English version of this thrillingly mystic Jewish ritual.

**Hangman's House.** Forrest—To be reviewed later.

**Lily Sue.** Lyceum—The good old-fashioned cowboy meller, with Belasco fixings.

**Lulu Belle.** Belasco—Lenore Ulric as the colored girl who got to Paris on her merits and Henry Hull as the colored boy who kept her there for her sins.

**Moscow Theatre Habima.** Mansfield—To be reviewed later.

**The Moose.** Hudson—Life-saving by the Governor, just in the nick of time. A good performance makes this better than the others of its class.

**Seed of the Brute.** Comedy—He-man talk, with one act of startling drama. Robert Ames as the he-man.

**Sex.** Daly's—Don't be misled by the title, either into staying away or going.

**The Silver Cord.** John Golden—To be reviewed later.

**Slaves All.** Bijou—With Lionel Atwill. To be reviewed next week.

**The Squall.** Forty-Eighth St.—We heard nothing of this but the very loud storm in the first act.

**The Witch.** Greenwich Village—Alice Brady in more trouble incident to the workings of sex.

**Yellow.** National—Grade-B melodrama.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** Republic—it has been estimated that four acres of Christmas trees have been used in the last act of this play. How about stopping it on the grounds of forest-preservation?

**Autumn Fire.** Wal-lack's—Nice Irish talk.

**Broadway.** Broadhurst—New York night-life made into a swell play, done to perfection.

**Cécile Sorel.** Cosmopolitan—The boys and girls from the Comédie Française in répertoire. You'll find the exact dope in the papers.

**The Constant Wife.** Maxine Elliott's—Ethel Barrymore proving that there is still such a thing as high comedy.

**Daisy Mayme.** Playhouse—George Kelly's poignant delineation of the character of a thwarted maiden-lady. So good that it hurts.

**Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.** Times Sq.—The book in three acts, aided immeasurably by June Walker, Edna Hibbard and G. P. Huntley.

**Howdy, King!** Morasco—To be reviewed later.

**The Judge's Husband.** Forty-Ninth St.—Dat ole debbil William Hodge.

**The Little Spitfire.** Cort—Don't be silly.

**Loose Ankles.** Garrick—The low-down on dancing mothers, with several funny scenes.

**On Approval.** Gaiety—Pleasantly acid conversation, with an excellent cast headed by Wallace Eddinger.

**The Play's the Thing.** Henry Miller's—Holbrook Blinn and several other excellent people

getting a great many more laughs than Molnar deserves.

**Pygmalion.** Guild—Lynn Fontanne perfectly cast as Shaw's admirable heroine.

**Say It with Flowers.** Garrick—Reviewed in this issue.

**This Woman Business.** Ritz—To be reviewed next week.

**Two Girls Wanted.** Little—Pleasant.

**We Americans.** Ellings—Melting-pot stuff, well acted.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Americana.** Belmont—At least different.

**Countess Maritza.** Shubert—Very nice Viennese score.

**Criss-Cross.** Globe—Fred Stone and family in a Fred Stone show.

**The Desert Song.** Casino—Better than the average, with Vivienne Segal and Eddie Buzzell.

**Gay Paree.** Winter Garden—Some "Paree" and lots of Winter Garden, with Chic Sale on his own.

**Honeymoon Lane.** Knickerbocker—Regulation musical comedy, with Eddie Dowling.

**Katja.** Forty-Fourth St.—Fair.

**Oh, Kay!** Imperial—Gertrude Lawrence in something you'll probably have to go to the agencies for.

**The Pirates of Penzance.** Plymouth—Reviewed in this issue.

**Queen High.** Ambassador—Very nice.

**The Ramblers.** Lyric—Clark and McCullough doing their old and highly amusing stuff.

**Scandals of 1926.** Apollo—A stageful of stars in George White's best show.

**Twinkle-Twinkle.** Liberty—Yes and no.

**Vanities of 1926.** Earl Carroll—For those tired old eyes.

## Modern Humor

"HALF - PRICE sale."

"Home cooking."

"Genuine antiques."

"All-star cast."

"Milk-fed chickens."

"Farewell tour."

"All wool."

"Strictly fresh eggs."

"Cozy, home-like rooms."

"We trust you."

W. S.



"SAY, MISS, PARDON ME, BUT IS THIS WHERE I CAN GET SOME SPARE PARTS FOR MY WIFE?"





### Just a Touch of Heresy

**L**IKE *Iolanthe's* *Strephon*, this department is ambiglandular. It is Gilbert-and-Sullivan from the waist up (which, unless we are all wrong, includes the heart) and rebel from the waist down. We should be entirely Gilbert-and-Sullivan were it not for the Gilbert-and-Sullivan fans.

We defy any one to enjoy the Savoy operas more than we do, and yet when all the faithful get together at a performance of one of them and demand encore after encore, beating their palms together to the evident discomposure of the cast who have no more verses to sing, and when they laugh loudly over and over again at the same joke, and when they hum the score over with the orchestra during the overture and nod knowingly in advance of all the gags, we are ready to take up with Con Conrad and Anne Caldwell and depart, dignified and stately. (So self-conscious have these zealots made us that we refuse even to put quotation marks around "dignified and stately.")

All of which is to apologize for any excess of enthusiasm we may show in saying that Mr. Ames' production of "The Pirates of Penzance" is swell. It has its faults, just as Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan had their faults. (Just a minute, please, while we step aside to dodge the falling heavens which will be along any minute now following that last remark.)

Chief among the faults of the production (really the only fault) we would specify the attempt to pad out the action with leaping and boundings and rollings on the floor. Even if it could be proved to us that they were a part of the original direction, we should still maintain that there is too much of them. One feels like saying, as one says to a child along about five o'clock on Christmas afternoon, "That isn't funny any more." In fact, if some one had said that very thing to Mr. Gilbert once or twice there might not be the occasional momentary confusion in the lay-mind as to whether it is "Iolanthe" or "The Pirates" that is being done.



**B**UT we have already subjected ourself to enough masochistic torture in writing the above. The whole thing is just grand, including the Woodman Thompson settings and costumes and the new voice (new to the Ames stock-company) of Miss Ruth Thomas, whose rendition of "Poor Wandering One" was almost enough to make us forsake our ferocious allegiance to "Thou the stream and I the willow" in "Iolanthe."

But there we are, talking like a Gilbert and Sullivan

pest again. All we ask is to be allowed to enjoy "The Pirates" in our own way, which is with a swelling bosom and brimming eye, but practically no noise.



**I**F, by the time this comes out, the Theatre Guild has gone through with its rather unscientific scheme of taking "Ned McCobb's Daughter" off at the end of three weeks to make room for "The Silver Cord," resuming it again at the end of another three weeks, those who rely on this page for their spiritual guidance will have to wait until January tenth before seeing it. Our advice would be to set aside some day during that week for that very purpose, for it is an excellent piece of work and fine entertainment.

In it, Sidney Howard has combined his experience in the theatre with his experience among the natives of the State of Maine, and the result is quite the best thing he has done. Which, considering "They Knew What They Wanted" and "Lucky Sam McCarver," is saying quite a good deal.

The event is made even more satisfactory by two sterling performances in the leading rôles, Clare Eames appearing as the Superwoman of the Kennebec and Alfred Lunt as the Superman bootlegger. The conflict between these two people of "character" assumes titanic proportions and the decision is in doubt up to the final bell. When you consider that last month Miss Eames was the *Empress Carlotta* and Mr. Lunt the *Emperor Maximilian* (and very imperial they were, too), it seems extraordinary that they could shift with such conviction into a Maine housewife and a South Boston bootlegger. Mr. Lunt's metamorphosis, with the gold tooth and all, is positively creepy. And his performance magnificent.



**O**N the theory that eleven-thirty p. m. finds a large number of theatregoers with nothing to do but go home, Brock Pemberton is producing Pirandello's "Say It with Flowers" at midnight at the Garrick. It is pretty bawdy, even for midnight, but quite funny at times, especially in the hands of Osgood Perkins and Carlotta Irwin. It concerns itself chiefly with aphrodisiacs, the suspense of the drama being based on the extent of their efficacy. Needless to say, the ending is a happy one. But now the problem arises—what to do after one-thirty, when the play is over?

Robert Benchley.



Proprietor of Night Club (with great disgust): I THOUGHT THERE WAS HONOR AMONG THIEVES!

### I Took Myself In Hand

**D**URING the past decade I have not broken a single New Year's resolution. To me there is nothing so objectionable as the spectacle of a human will doing a dive. Not that I have never been weak-willed myself—Lord knows I was as cowardly as they come until ten years ago, when I took myself in hand. Here is my record:

1917. Resolved not to stop smoking. Made good.

1918. Resolved not to stop drinking. Made good.

1919. Resolved not to stop failing to read at least one good book a week. Made good.

1920. Renewed resolution not to stop drinking. Kept right on making good.

1921. Resolved not to stop tipping checkroom girls. Made good.

1922. Resolved not to stop failing to exercise at least fifteen minutes each day. Made good.

1923. Resolved not to stop putting old razor blades on top of medicine chest. Made good.

1924. Resolved not to stop eating too much. Made good.

1925. Resolved not to stop

yessing the boss. Made good with a vengeance.

1926. Resolved not to stop making resolutions which a human being can really keep.

T. G.

**WILLIE** (to visitor): I'm sorry, but Mamma's dressed in her negligent, and can't be seen.



THE TIE THAT BLINDS

### I Wish to Register a Complaint

**F**OR smart, conservative array  
I have a hopeless passion;  
But must I buy a suit each day,  
To keep abreast of Fashion?

My ulster had a high lapel:  
A most distinctive peak;  
I liked it very much—but hell!  
That style went out last week.

My cuff links and my studs were  
gold:  
I swapped them all for onyx;  
The former's only worn, I'm told,  
In Harlem or the Bronx.

My hats, my shoes, my dressing-  
gown—  
My evening clothes, my cane—  
I'll have to disappear from town  
Till they're in style again.

O Fashion monthlies, settle, please,  
Some standard male apparel,  
Or I must ape Diogenes  
And occupy a barrel!

Norman R. Jaffray.

### Famous American Tragedies

**"I DO."**  
"What number were you calling, please?"  
The Senate.  
"I bid six clubs."  
"Abie's Irish Rose."  
"I would have made that hole in four if—"  
Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

### Rank Perjury

**O**NCE there was a building in process of construction which carried the sign, "This Building Will Be Occupied by the Nuxicated Rubber Goods Company on or Before February 15," and it was occupied by the Nuxicated Rubber Goods Company on or before February 15.

**AUTOMOBILE SALESMAN:** With this car you can get twenty-five miles to the gallon of gasoline.  
**FAIR PROSPECT:** Where do I get the gasoline?

## Christmas Eve on the Radio

"DEAR lads and lassies of the radio audience: this is Santa Claus broadcasting from Station BRR, North Pole. Well, kiddies, each and every one of you is in for a big treat this Christmas. It looks to me like a white Christmas. Yes, sir, here comes the snow. Stand by a minute and I'll let you hear the snow falling. Here you are: Whoosh! Hear it? That's the snow."

"Everything seems to be ready for the big trip South. No, there's one of the reindeer slipping out of the reins. Whoa, Dasher! Whoa, boy! Now he's all right. No, he's fallen down. He's getting up now. He's on his knees. He's up! Dasher's up again!"

"Just a minute while Santa finds his pack. Ah, there it is! Pretty full, too. Full of toys and dolls and things for good little boys and girls. Stand by a minute, boys

and girls, while I rattle one of these jack-in-the-boxes. Rattle, rattle, rattle! Hear it? That's a jack-in-the-box for some little girl. Here's a horn, now. Honk! Honk! Hear it? That's a horn."

"Now you little lads and lassies must go to bed early to-night and shut your eyes very tight and go bye-bye, or Santa won't come down your chimney. No, sir! But if you're very good, Santa will fill your stocking full of dollies and candy-canes and steam-engines and, uh, handkerchiefs. Yes, sir!"

"Good night, now, lads and lassies of the radio audience; Santa's getting into his sleigh. There he goes! He's in! No, he's tripped on the runners. He's picking himself up out of the snow. Now he's wiping the snow off his face and saying something. Wait a minute. Yes, he's saying: 'My, what cold snow!' Now he's in the sleigh."

"This is Santa Claus signing off for the night. Station BRR, North Pole. Merry Christmas!"

*Norman R. Jaffray.*

## Terrible

**WILLIS:** Smith had another accident last night.  
**GILLIS:** Yes. He shouldn't be allowed to drive a car. He's too absent-minded.

**WILLIS:** You're right. He took the man he hit to the garage to be repaired and then went over and put the car in bed at the hospital.

"YOUR prayer has been answered," cabled the Italian aviator, De Bernardi, to Mussolini upon capturing the Schneider Cup. Which may be considered first-hand information that Mussolini does pray. It only remains to determine whether, when thus engaged, Il Duce upholds the best tradition by praying to himself.



CHESTER I. GARZA

**Reporter:** NOW WHEN DID ALL THIS HAPPEN TO YOU?  
**Movie Star:** ABOUT TWO DIVORCES AGO.

## Big Talk

OUR idea of a super-salesman would be one who could sell Philadelphia another Sesquicentennial.



AS A RUG IT HAD SEEMED ALL RIGHT, BUT AS A PUTTING GREEN IT WAS AWFUL—

NINE YEARS OF NAGGING HADN'T CONVINCED HIM, BUT TWENTY MINUTES OF INDOOR PUTTING WON HIM OVER.



LOST IN THE ARCTICS





How to Trim a Christmas Tree



## Why I Burn Whale Oil

I WENT to the Conglomerated Gas Company to get a gas range. A salesman noticed me prowling among the gas ranges and accosted me.

"Well?" he challenged.

"I want to rent a gas range," I said.

"You can't rent a gas range," he replied. "We don't rent them; we sell them. Do you want to buy a gas range?"

I saw no harm in it; so I said yes, and bought a gas range.

"How much is it?" I asked.

"Twenty-one dollars," he said.

That seemed fair enough. I drew out the money and prepared to pay for it.

"You can't pay for this," he said sternly. "—not now. We'll send you a bill."

"I'd prefer to pay for it now," I said. "I don't like bills."

"Impossible," he said firmly. "It would confuse the bookkeeper. We'll send you a bill. You get the stove on the installment plan and pay for it at the rate of three dollars a month."

"I'd much rather pay the whole amount now," I said.

"It's against the rules," he said. "It can't be done. The bookkeeper..."

"I know," I said. "He'd be confused."

"So," continued the salesman, "we'll send you a bill for three dollars."

"Well," I said, "let me pay the first installment now."

"No," he insisted; "we'll send you a bill."

So, rather than confound the Conglomerated Gas Company's bookkeeping department, I compromised, and it was understood that I was to receive a bill for three dollars every month for seven months.

The range arrived and was duly installed. A month passed. I received no bill. Two weeks more and I began to think the Conglomerated Gas Company was just a jolly old concern which made a lot of fuss about gas ranges and then installed them free of charge.

Then one morning a group of rather rough-looking men



*Tabloid Reporter:* BEFORE YOU START ON YOUR BIG SPRINT, MR. CLAUS, THERE'S ONE QUESTION I WISH YOU'D ANSWER FOR OUR READERS.

*Santa:* WELL?

*Reporter:* WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO PUT IN PEACHES BROWNING'S STOCKING?

## Introspective Rebellion of a Young Wife

MOTHER was right I should never have married John the idea of his saying what he did to me to-night just for charging that coat when I didn't have a decent rag to my name he's a brute there's no question about that Mother was right I

should have married Oscar Fergus he's terribly successful in the cosmetic game too a thing a wife could be interested in but how can John expect me to take any interest in anything as repulsive as the underwear game especially when there's no money in it anyway he says so but it's probably just because he's so dumb that he can't make any money at anything I'd go to Oscar in a minute if it wasn't for the scandal he always was crazy about me what a fool I was not to take him just because he used tonic on his hair there's the baby howling again well I just don't care if he does let John go and attend to him the brute Mother was certainly right!

Lloyd Mayer.



THE EDITOR OF *Social Etiquette* RECEIVES A TYPEWRITTEN CONTRIBUTION.

THEN, too, a chapped lip—ask the man who owns one—is not all that it's cracked up to be.



*Santa Claus (professionally)* : WELCOME TO TOYLAND, MY LITTLE MAN. ALL THE TREASURES OF THE MAGIC YULE ARE YOURS TO COMMAND.

*Jimmy* : PLEASED TO MEETCHA, SANTA. AND I'D LIKE YA TO KNOW MY MOTHER, TOO. SHE COULD DO WITH A FEW KNICKKNACKS HERSELF.

### Assistant Director

WELL, here's this German atrocity wasting hours of time and miles of film shooting close-ups that'll never be in the picture. If he's a good director, I'm a good toe-dancer! "Yes, Mr. Sprudelsaltz. Yes, sir." If it wasn't for me and the cameraman, that guy couldn't even find the set, much less direct the picture. We do all the work and he gets all the gravy. "Certainly, Mr. Sprudelsaltz. I think so, too." He probably was a janitor in some German studio before they brought him over here. Just wait till they see this opera assembled! Then maybe they'll deport him! "Marvelous, Mr. Sprudelsaltz. How'd you ever think of it?" Why, I've forgotten more about directing pictures than that pretzel-bender'll ever know! Give some of us boys a chance instead of dragging over a lot of foreign waiters and letting 'em direct. "Yes, Mr. Sprudelsaltz, of course." Sure lucky for that squarehead to get an assistant who can direct the picture for him! Soon

as I can save up enough jack, I'm going to Europe and come back here as a Lithuanian or a Walloon—then I can be a star director and let some other bird do all the hard work. "Yes, Mr. Sprudelsaltz. I agree perfectly."

Robert Lord.



This Will Delight the Kiddies!

### Bobby Goes A-Bicycling

(Continued from page 8)

At this he made a lunge for me, and fell off his bicycle, which got me to laughing so hard I had to stop, too.

"And who won the Battle of White Plains, Father dear?" I asked him, trying to change the subject.

"The Americans did, of course," he said, brushing himself off.

"Yeah?" I said. "So the Americans won, did they? Well, that shows what you know about it. The British won. We had it in school only last week."

"What school?" asked my father, very sore now.

"Not Harvard, anyway," I said. "Yale beat Harvard, too."

"Yeah?" he said, getting redder and redder. "Yale beat Harvard by playing twelve men against Harvard's eleven... And if you aren't a better boy, Daddy's going to send you right back to Scarsdale on the 4:10 from White Plains."

"The 4:10 doesn't stop at Scarsdale," I said. "It's an express to 125th St."

"Let's be getting on," interrupted Lieut.-Commander Connelly. "This is no way to get to the North Pole—arguing about Harvard and Yale."

So we all got on our wheels again and pushed ahead, but I think I'll drop off at Mt. Kisco and see the Barry kids. My time is worth something.

(Further bulletins from LIFE's Bicycle Expedition to the North Pole will follow at fairly irregular intervals.)

### Two Department Store Managers Patronize a Slot Machine

"EPOCH-making sale!" "Unequaled!"

"Phenomenal!"

"Tremendous sacrifice!"

"Outstanding values!"

"Vast display!"

"Going rapidly!"

"This opportunity may not occur again in years!"

"Spearmint for mine. Aw, the damn thing's empty!" W. W. S.

### Among the New Books

**A Rude Book.** By "Tell" (Edwin Valentine Mitchell, Hartford). Caricatures, with lampoon verse attachments, of British celebrities, supposedly done by a leading British artist. Limited edition.

**Vrouw Knickerbocker.** By Maude Stewart Welch (Dorrance). The story of Brooklyn; and you'll be surprised how interesting it is.

**The Cross Word Puzzle Book.** Sixth Series (Simon & Schuster). Fifty more puzzles in the old manner, and five in the newer diagramless form.

**The Life and Times of Martha Hepplethwaite.** By Frank Sullivan (Boni & Liveright). Considerable life, and what times, superinduced by the most entertaining newspaper man of our day.

**Stock Market Quotations.** By Sophronia Tibbs. Edited by Leonard Hatch (John Day). A take-off on the kind of verse which is published by Sherman and French, rural newspapers, etc., and which, even when genuine, is not side-splitting.

**Fantomas Captured.** By Marcel Allain (David McKay). For those who like detective stories.

**Highways and Byways of the Civil War.** By Clarence Edward Macartney (Dorrance). Human-interest stories of the twenty greatest battles of the Civil War, set against an authenticated historical background.

**Stories in Stone.** By Willis T. Lee (D. Van Nostrand Co.). Romances of the rocks as they are written for a Government geologist.

**Oddly Enough.** By David McCord (Washburn & Thomas). Another writer who goes in for "the philosophical suggestiveness of trivia" publishes his papers.

**The Man Who Understood Women.** Conrad in Quest of His Youth. By Leonard Merrick (Dutton). Two of this splendid writer's best works in gift edition.

**Sketches of the Sixties.** By Bret Harte and Mark Twain (John Howell, San Francisco). Forgotten material collected from the days when the famous pair wrote for the *Californian*.

**Walter Camp.** By Harford Powel, Jr. (Little, Brown). The career of the father of American football.

**The Vagabond Duchess.** By Cyril Hughes Hartmann (Dutton). All about the French charmer who was sent to England to cut out the Duchess of Portsmouth with Charles II.

**Understanding Ourselves.** (Boni & Liveright.) A discourse by Harold Dearn on the fine art of happiness.

**They Do Not!** By Colin Clements (Small, Maynard). A lame and halt camp follower of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

**The Dark Dawn.** By Martha Ostenso (Dodd, Mead). More farm life on the prairies of our great Northwest.

**Smith Everlasting.** By Dillwyn Parrish (Harper). The intimate tale of a Smith family told as lightly as possible.

**Hiawatta wit No Odder Pomes.** By Milt Gross (Doran). If you like that sort of thing, and by this time you should certainly know what it is.

**Tish Plays the Game.** By Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doran). The later adventures of one of my favorite heroines.

B. L.

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### Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 7)

along lines which only the most broadly experienced and the most complacent individuals can follow or tolerate. Thank God, however, that there are a few unsophisticates left, forasmuch as it is genuinely refreshing to break bread occasionally with persons who buy bad oil paintings and have never heard of George Jean Nathan... This night in a great party to see a piece called "The Play's the Thing," sitting next Bill Lapham, who did say, when the curtain arose on the second act, There's the kind of screen my wife would buy on sight—and for eight hundred dollars.

**December** Greatly depressed by the influx of bills, so at 1st my accounts intermittently throughout the day, a tedious business. Lord! I had almost liefer the greengrocer should profit unduly than be forced to look through Katie's kitchen slips to see if we ordered eggplant on the seventh of November. But it does look as if the new year will find me solvent, which I am glad of... To dinner this night with the Bainbridges at a publick, for that their daughter was dining a large bridal party at home, but back to the house afterwards to be in on the entertainment which a professional soothsayer had been engaged to provide, and highly diverting it was, too, for he did read the minds of the company astonishingly, and answer difficult questions with a high percentage of possible truth, so that when I did enjoin Sam to ask him the whereabouts of the overcoat he lost last summer, Sam quoth, Are you mad, woman, when I have already spent the insurance money and you would not allow me even to pass the office of the company when we were in Hartford? Home betimes and to bed, I reading late in Edmund Pearson's new book of murders, some of which did so terrify me that Sam threatened me with dire reprisals if I did awaken him once more for the sound of a reassuring human voice.

Baird Leonard.

### A Joke

"WHY is the World Court unlike a good hotel?"  
"I give up."  
"Because the more reservations you make the harder it is to get in."

**FORTUNE** smiles upon some of us. Others buy automobiles just before the new models are announced.

## FOR PEOPLE WHO STILL THINK THE TOWN IS WET

And Reisenweber's on the Circle! That's where the crowd used to gather after the theatre. Ice clinked in pink gin fizzes, champagne corks popped, and real Old Crow was to be had for the asking.

Sometimes it was morning before they went home, but real insiders knew where to put their hands on a bottle of Tarrant's in the morning.

For 82 years Tarrant's Seltzer-Aperient has been kind to men who tried to drink the town dry in one night.

Tarrant's is a marvelous saline that you drink like a mineral water. It is pleasant to the taste and brings almost immediate relief.

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<input type="checkbox"/> Spanking hostess or female guests.	regrets exceedingly
<input type="checkbox"/> Riding to hounds in drawing room.	his deplorable conduct while a guest
<input type="checkbox"/> Riding to hounds in ballroom.	at your
<input type="checkbox"/> Excessive screaming.	
<input type="checkbox"/> Frequent absence from party.	
<input type="checkbox"/> Protracted absence from party.	
<input type="checkbox"/> Extreme inebriation.	<input type="checkbox"/> Dance <input type="checkbox"/> Party
<input type="checkbox"/> Excessive destruction of furniture.	last.....evening
<input type="checkbox"/> Complete loss of equilibrium.	and humbly craves your pardon for the
<input type="checkbox"/> Partial loss of equilibrium.	Breach of Etiquette
<input type="checkbox"/> Throwing glasses.	checked in the adjoining column
<input type="checkbox"/> Insulting guests.	
<input type="checkbox"/> Indiscreet petting.	
<input type="checkbox"/> Nausea.	

"JUST A REAL GOOD CARD."

—Exchange.

## En Rapport

I go to a séance with Mabel  
As frequently as I am able;  
It is such a lark  
To hold hands in the dark,  
And pretend you are turning a table.  
—Cambridge Granta.

## Secrets Are Whispered

LITTLE LIZETTE was quite noisy, so Mother put her finger to her lips and said: "Sh! Lizette, not so loud!"

"Why; am I a secret?" asked the little tot.

—Boston Transcript.

"Did he leave town under a cloud?"

"You could hardly call it that. It was more like a cyclone."

—Youngstown Telegram.



SIGNOR BATTI IS SO TEMPERAMENTAL THAT HE CANNOT EVEN SING IN HIS BATH WITHOUT AN AUDIENCE.

—Toronto Goblin.



"ME BUY A THIMBLE! WHAT THE BLAZES SHOULD I WANT A THIMBLE FOR?"

"WELL, YER MIGHT USE IT AS A 'AT.'"

—London Opinion.

## Revived

AFTER a long taxi ride a Scot handed the driver the legal fare and a three-penny-piece as a tip. The chauffeur glared at the offending coin. "Ere," he said scornfully, "wot's this?" "Man, ye're a sportsman!" beamed the fare. "I'll say 'tails.'"

—Sporting and Dramatic News.

## A Young Einstein

Two small boys were waiting to cross Euclid Avenue in heavy traffic. One said: "Come on, let's go across."

"No," answered the other, "let's wait for an empty space to come along."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TRAFFIC COP: Yeh, this is a one-way street and there ain't no two ways about it.—Cincinnati Cynic.



## Foreign Opinion

First Tourist (in Paris): OH, YES. MONTMARTRE...SHOCKING! MOST UNUSUAL, YOU KNOW. I GO THERE EVERY NIGHT.

Second Tourist: YES, SO DO I.  
—L'Illustration (Paris).

## Scriptural Reference

LITTLE GENE was very anxious to know the age of her aunt, so she asked her grandmother. "I really don't know," said her grandmother; "I'd have to look it up in the family Bible."

"Is Auntie old enough to be in the Bible?" Gene gasped.

—Indianapolis News.

"And Nobody Seemed to Care"

"THAT's a fairly good account of the reception," nodded the editor, "but who was the hostess?"

"Oh," sighed the new reporter, "nobody seemed to know."

—American Legion Monthly.

## Quite a Memory

SAM HILL can remember all the way back when the only scantily clad women on the streets were those who had just 'scaped from a burning building.

—New York Graphic.

ANOTHER pathetic little feature of everyday life is the way a mother always says: He is not really a bad boy.

—Ohio State Journal.



"HERE'S AN IDEA, GINETTE—LET'S GIVE LOULOU A BOYISH BOB!"

—Le Petit Bleu (Paris).

### A Character Bit

Vouching for this tale is Arthur Houghten, manager of Fred Stone's "Criss-Cross" show. It was opening night and Mr. Houghten was hurrying from the dressing rooms to the front of the house. In the wings he found two actors who constitute the burlesque horse of the production. The one who plays the front legs stopped him.

"Is my name on the program?" he wanted to know.

"I don't know—I haven't seen the program yet," Mr. Houghten said. "I'll find out for you later."

"How about your name?" he went on, addressing the man who plays the hind legs.

"Don't you put my name on the program," the back-legs impersonator demurred. "I don't want to get to be known as a type."—*Variety*.

### Something Better

He (after the quarrel): I suppose you're going home to mother now?

SHE: Do you think I'm as old-fashioned as that? No, I'm going to the most expensive hotel in town and let you pay the bills.—*Kasper (Stockholm)*.



Charity Collector: CAN I SEE

LADY BROWN? I—

Maid: I'M SURE, MADAM, HER LADYSHIP CANNOT SEE YOU NOW, AS SHE IS IN THE MIDDLE OF A PLATE OF SOUP.

—*Passing Show (London)*.

ADD Similes—"As cold as a heated cab."—*New York Graphic*.

### Looking Forward

It is sometimes said that the youth of the present day has not enough care for the future. Here is an instance to the contrary.

"Mummy," said a little maiden of ten years to her parent, "where are you and Daddy going to live when I get married?"

"Why, here, of course," replied the mother.

"But," expostulated the child, aghast at such selfishness, "what about me?"

—*London Morning Post*.

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### First-Hand Impressions

A POET, contemplating a sea poem, had himself lashed to the mast of a small schooner and taken out in a heavy storm. This craze for realism suggests that a man wishing to write verses about the girl of his heart should first of all marry her.—*Eve (London)*.

FAIRY STORY: Once upon a time there was a filling station attendant who never had been held up.—*Indianapolis News*.

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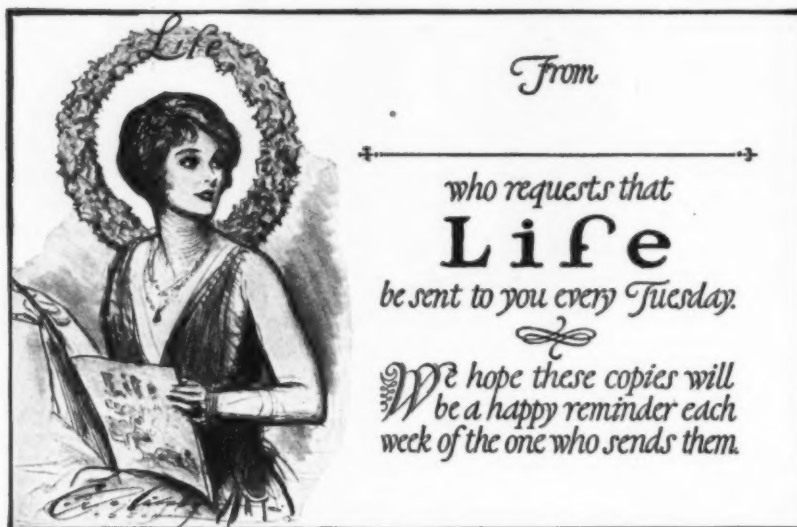
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## Intellectual Tea

"—MY dear fellow—"

"—Of course, the uninformed might consider me suspicious of Bojer, Hamsun, Hardy, Reymont and other European so-called modern workmen simply because they have attracted large sections of the populace. But I assure you I dislike them simply because I—er—well, that is—but now, take this young Russian, Guffski. Have you read him? Oh, you must. Such economy of orchestration, if I may use the word; such—"

"—But as I was saying the other day, I think Harry Mencken is about done for. After all, he is too American—a failing common to the school he is supposed to have founded and fostered. Have I told you about almost meeting him? On the train, you know. I recognized him by his necktie, and—"

"—My dear fellow, is it really you?—"

"—But the best of the younger moderns is Fussovitch, I think. Have you read his book on 'Absolute Beauty'? It will repay you. I wish somebody would translate it into English—"

"—You see, Horace Liveright wanted the book, but suggested a minor change in plot, which I could not conscientiously permit. To be sure, one must compromise in some matters, but in Art, my dear fellow—"

"—And then we could drop in on Mollie Henderson for dinner. I know you'd like her. She'd be delighted to have us. You know, her husband is only a broker, but Mollie is so—well, different. You must meet her. Paints exquisitely, in a way—"

"—Oh, yes, I am aware that the American theatre is a purely commercial enterprise—but the Theatre Guild's crassness in refusing—"

"—My dear fellow—"

"—By and large, however, Dreiser has failed. Imagine—his books are selling, and you know what that means. By the way, could you let me have twenty till to-morrow? Oh, well, it doesn't matter."

"—That's young Gregory that has just come in. A brilliant chap, but determined to write for the *Mercury*. ...Did you read that positively brutal article by Hergesheimer? You must. Foam, pure foam, my dear fellow—"

"—And where to-day are Melville, Conrad, Trollope, and—er—well, the rest of them? You get the point—"

"—Then he said he liked Tschai-kovski. I felt fairly ill. By the way, have you heard the Lenin Suite,

## Isn't it natural?

A EUROPEAN WIT says, "Americans not only *want* the best of everything—but spare nothing to *get* the best of everything."

A characteristic that explains, perhaps, why American cigarette smokers so willingly pay a few cents more to get Fatimas

F A T I M A



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by Blatski? You really must. A young Russo-Armenian living in Paris, and a genius, I assure you. He obtains an amazing syntax by basing his compositions on what he calls the diaphragmatic scale—"

"—My dear fellow—" W. T.

## 1927 Model

"I HEAR the Shipleighs are having trouble arranging for their divorce."

"Yes. They feel the child needs both parents."

"What are they going to do?"

"They're sending the child to boarding-school for a year while they take a trip around the world to get reconciled."

THE real trouble with our youth of to-day is that they were out all of the night before.

## Clark's Famous Cruises

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# WATCH YOUR THROAT!



## The warning signal

**M**ORE serious illnesses than you can count on the fingers of both hands start with the warning signal, an irritated throat.

A tickle in your throat is nature's way of saying "Lock out—Danger ahead: the bacteria are getting the upper hand!" Naturally, too, for the throat is the open door for infection. It is the ideal breeding place for disease germs.

And in spite of this, so many of us neglect throat protection! A good, healthy body will be able to throw off the attacks of many bacteria, but very often the human system is not in the proper condition to fight them back.

When you think of your throat in this way, it seems amazing that more people do not take the proper precaution against illnesses that start with throat infection. Particularly, when the safe antiseptic, Listerine, is as near at hand as any corner drug store.

Be on the safe side these winter days. Use Listerine regularly as a mouth wash and gargle. *Also, then, you will be on*

*the polite side with regard to that insidious condition, halitosis (unpleasant breath).—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

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trimmed for the great day—when the  
peace and good cheer of  
Christmas are almost here  
—have a Camel!



Camels represent the utmost in cigarette quality. The choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended into Camels by master blenders and the finest of French cigarette paper is made especially for them. No other cigarette is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

WHEN the stockings are hung by the mantel. And the children's tree is ablaze with the gifts and toys for tomorrow's glad awakening. When joyously tired at midnight you settle down by the languishing fire—*have a Camel!*

For to those who think of others, there is no other gift like Camels. Camel enjoyment enriches every busy day, increases the gladness in giving, makes life's anticipations brighter. Before Camel, no cigarette ever was so good. Camels are made of such choice tobaccos that they never tire the taste or leave a cigaretty after-taste.

So on this Christmas Eve, when your work for others is done—when you're too glad for sleep with thoughts of tomorrow's happiness—have then the mellowest—

*Have a Camel!*



Remember your few closest friends with a supply of Camels for Christmas Day and the days to come. Mail or send your Camel cartons early, so that they will be delivered in ample time.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem, N. C.



